

I can't remember if the University of Denver had a band, but I do remember that for pregame, immediately before playing of the National Anthem, Grant and Val, rather than just marching on to the field in a regular block band formation, took the band through an ad lib precision marching drill the likes of which I have never seen, before or since. It was absolutely magnificent, and no one was more surprised than I. I wish I had a movie of it, and have since wondered if it were something they and members of the band planned on the overnight trip, while I slept.

Following the game, we were immediately bused to the train for the return trip to Provo. As we pulled out of the Denver station we were treated to what we thought was a marvelous Salisbury steak dinner complete with all the trimmings and the charm of eating in the diner.

Later that evening, as we traveled, members of the band came and said I should go to the lounge car and witness a "jam session" that some of the other band members were holding. When I arrived I heard for the first time the jazz performance artistry of freshmen Larry Bastian on trumpet, Don DaGrade on alto saxophone, and Sherm Hawkins on piano, along with sophomore drummer Stan Stoneking.

As yet I hadn't organized the Y's Men Band for 1955-56 academic year, due to late afternoon rehearsals with the Cougar Band. But when I heard these four players, I immediately knew that I had the nucleus for a fine Y's Men Band, for that and future years. I was right! Larry, who later became a recognized composer and professional arranger, was as fine a lead and solo trumpet as I ever had. Don, who later learned the bassoon and went on to become a professor of that instrument at the University of Pacific in Stockton, California, played a never-to-be-forgotten lead alto. Sherm went on to a distinguished career in music education and jazz performance in the state of Nevada. He became the Y's Men Band's exciting and most complete pianist. While I lost track of Stan following his graduation, he was an enthusiastic and exciting drummer who gave the band its needed push and drive.

Then to make matters even better, Garth Dixon and Jim Hazard, who played trumpet and alto sax, came home to Provo and BYU on furlough from their Air Force Band in Albuquerque, New Mexico, bringing with them several copies of fine arrangements from their dance band. When they said I could purchase the arrangements for just the copying fee, I knew I had found a mine. Anyone acquainted with Air Force dance bands knew of their traditional excellence due to the Glenn Miller Air Force and other such bands during and since World War II. Included among these arrangements were such fine tunes as "Crazy Rhythm," "S'Wonderful," "Thou Swell," and "Jeeper's Creepers." They all became featured tunes on *Young Rhythm*, a long-play record we later recorded for Century Records in Saugus, California.

The tune "Jeeper's Creepers" brings back the memory of the time we were sharing a billing with the nationally renowned Four Freshmen at the White City Ballroom in Ogden, Utah. As we were playing "Jeeper's Creepers," following the Freshman show, I heard and saw Bob Flannagan, the tenor and trombone soloist with the Four Freshman, in the back stage wings, playing along with the band. I signaled for him to come on stage to really play for us and the dancers. Upon doing so, we were treated to a couple ad lib choruses from this marvelous and renowned trombonist. And, as so often happens in instances such as this, the band seemed to rise to new heights.

For the next four years I was treated to an experience that would be difficult to forget, for it seemed that the members of the Y's Men Band complemented each other with an ensemble feeling and chemistry that rarely happens. Not only did I have Larry Bastian, Don DaGrade, Sherm Hawkins, and Stan Stoneking, but I was favored with the capable association and assistance of former student-body president Gus Shields on tenor sax, along with other such fine musicians as Greg Farley and Dean Fotheringham on baritone sax and tenor sax. We had the always-energetic Marv Jenkins and Kay Bishop on alto sax, Bryce LaBaron on bass, along with trombonists Boyd Hunter, Paul Mortenson, Guy Wymore, and Cordell Chipman. Rounding out the trumpet section I had Leroy Gibbons, who was also featured on vocals, Clyde Summerhays, and former private students Tom Moon, Stan Taylor, and Neal Lambert. Not only did we accompany the Program Bureau to campus and off-campus shows but the Y's Men also became a formidable dance band.

One of the great additions to the Y's Men Band was Earl Holt, when he registered as a student at the university. Earl was an advanced professional musician having just returned as a trombonist with the legendary Tommy Dorsey Band. So proficient was his technique that he was capable of performing the difficult violin virtuoso piece "Hora Staccato" on his trombone, which he did many times with the Y's Men. Not only was he a terrific trombonist, but a gifted arranger as well.

During the latter part of the 1950s we had the privilege of producing yet another LP with Century Record, this time with the sanction of the Musicians Union. The album, titled *The Y's Men*, featured original compositions and arrangements by Earl Holt, and while far superior to the first album, it unfortunately didn't sell as well. I often felt this was due to the overwhelming popularity of rock music that was rapidly becoming the popular music of choice by the younger generation.

Salt Lake City was and still is a mecca for jazz music, producing such notable performers as tenor sax and valve trombonist Bob Enevoldsen, trumpeter Doug Mettome, bassist Don Bagley, and many others. Along with these outstanding jazz musicians was a Salt Lake City disc jockey by the name of Al "Jazzbo" Collins. Jazzbo was not only recognized in Utah, but New York City and Los Angeles as well, having recorded, for Capitol Records, a nationally recognized jazz parody based on the fairy tale "Little Red Riding Hood."

Fortunately, for the Y's Men Band, we caught the attention of Jazzbo, and we were invited to prepare and produce a jazz concert featuring Jazzbo as master of ceremonies. For the concert we performed, mainly, the musical arrangements of Earl Holt which included two original big-band compositions and two featuring Earl on trombone, and myself on French horn. Jazzbo, of course, performed his "Little Red Riding Hood" sequence. The concert was a tremendous success, first at BYU, then at the University of Utah and Utah State University.

I felt it a privilege to know Al "Jazzbo" Collins, and considered him a gentleman with extreme talent who was fun to be with. I had great respect for Earl Holt considered him a real friend. He was originally a music major, then changed to library science, becoming an expert and executive with the Evelyn Wood speed reading program.

On another occasion, the Y's Men Band was invited to play for Homecoming at the University of Utah. As part of the contract we would accompany the renowned vocal group The Modernaires, of Glenn Miller fame, in concert. It was a privilege to conduct such a performance, which, in addition to The Modernaires, included Jack Spurling on drums. I had heard Jack, with the Les Brown Band, on many occasions and always considered him among the best big band drummers. We rehearsed and were scheduled to play virtually all of the Miller hits that featured The Modernaires. When I expressed a concern over giving exactly the right tempos they were use to, Jack merely responded by saying, "You give the downbeat and I'll take care of the rest," which he did. The Y's Men never sounded better!

On another occasion we were invited to accompany the King Sisters, in concert at the George Albert Smith Fieldhouse. The King Sisters had an accompanying book well known for its difficulty in key signatures, range for brass players, and rhythmic changes. The Y's Men Band fell victims to it. While we were able to do the concert with moderate success, the King Sisters were forced to cancel some of their scheduled selections, because of difficulty for the band and lack of rehearsal time. I know that we were humbled by the occasion, particularly following our success with The Modernaires.

By this time BYU was beginning to experience a remarkable growth in student population that resulted in overpopulated weekend student body dances. Dances were held in at least four places that included the always popular and preferred Joseph Smith Memorial Ballroom along with the least preferred East Gym in the George Albert Smith Fieldhouse. Because of their growing and increased popularity, the Y's Men Band was always assigned the least popular East Gym and never had the opportunity play in the Smith Ballroom. The result was that the East Gym, with all its drabness, became the place to be. I remember arriving at the Gym an hour or so before the dance to set up the band, and finding crowds already lined up clear past the old Stadium House for tickets.

The 1955-56 academic year was not only an eventful year for me, with the emergence of the Cougar Marching Band and the Y's Men Band. It was also an eventful year for the

fine arts. Herald R. Clark had, as could be expected, an outstanding lyceum series that included not only Maurice Abravanel and the Utah Symphony, but the New York Philharmonic Orchestra with its world renowned conductor, Dimitri Mitropoulos, and Utah's outstanding concert pianist Grant Johannason. Then Herald R. Clark brought in the well-known Concordia Choir. The BYU Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Lawrence Sardoni, had the opportunity of performing Johannes Brahms' musical masterpiece the *German Requiem*, with the world-famous Mormon Tabernacle Choir, in both the Salt Lake Tabernacle and the George Albert Smith Fieldhouse at BYU. Finally, to round out a fantastic year, the student body was privileged to dance to the outstanding music of both Tex Beneke with the Glenn Miller Band, and the world-class Stan Kenton Orchestra.

Under the dynamic leadership of President Earnest L. Wilkinson, the 1950s and 1960's were exciting building years at Brigham Young University. Not only was the size of the student body growing, but many academic buildings and dormitories were being added to a rapidly expanding campus. The Y's Men Band with Janie Thompson and the Program Bureau were doing their part in spreading the word throughout the country by taking week-long show tours to high schools as well as performing in stakes and wards wherever they would be. One of these exciting shows was "Happy Holiday," in which the Y's Men Band along with Dr. Halliday and his wonderful Madrigal Choir performed together. Dr. Halliday wasn't always highly in favor of this union, since the Madrigals were considered a sophisticated performing ensemble, specializing in repertoire from 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, whereas the Y's Men was an up-to-date show band that featured show tunes, big band swing music, and jazz. John was often heard to say, "you can't mix oil with water." But we did, particularly on a medley titled "Christmas in the Air." Master of ceremonies for the show was Brian Renstrom and we featured a wonderful dance group called the Brighamettes as well as the Engemann Trio consisting of Karl, Bobby, and Gerry Engemann. Karl went on to become a vice president and top artist and repertoire man for Capitol Records, and eventually manager for Marie Osmond. His wife, Gerry, became a featured singer in top vocal groups for national television shows that originated in Hollywood, whereas Bobby became a charter member of the highly acclaimed Lettermen.

For several years, Happy Holiday would begin its annual tour leaving the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day. One year we were scheduled to give a show for one of the high schools in San Pedro, California. This high school was noted for its rough and tough student body and just the week before had virtually run the famed Ray Anthony Band off the stage. When we arrived, several tough looking boys came up to us and said we would never finish our show. Not only did we finish the show, but these same boys came out and helped us as we loaded all our heavy equipment onto our truck.

Karl and Bobby Engemann were terrific baseball players, specializing in the infield. So they, along with the Y's Men Band, decided, as part of our tour, to form our own ball team and challenge local high school teams to a game. I was chosen to be pitcher, not

because of any blinding speed, but the ability to get the ball consistently over the plate. Both Karl and Bobby said, "just get the ball over, don't worry about striking anyone out, we will do the rest," and they did. Back on BYU campus, we decided to join the intramural league and on one game came up against the PE majors who, when they saw a bunch of musicians, laughed and said, "it would be a piece of cake." That day with my dazzling slow speed I had a no hit, no run game, not because of my ability, but because they couldn't get the ball out of the in field with Karl and Bobby. We did reach the finals only to lose in the last half of the last inning. We were ahead by one run with two outs and two men on base, when their batter hit a fly ball to right field that was unexpectedly dropped, and the two runners scored on the hit.

Perhaps the most memorable halftime show I ever did was the circus show against the famed University of Utah Band. For years we had been a doormat under their feet, but in 1956 I had a band with terrific personnel along with Grant Elkington, Val Crossley, and the Debonettes. At the previous New Year's Rose Bowl game, the nation heard a wonderful opening fanfare by the University of Southern California Marching Band. It was the talk of the marching band fraternity and I found it had been written by a friend, Bill Welch, the brother of Jay Welch, who later directed the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

We had just purchased several long-belled herald trumpets, complete with colorful banners, and I had Bill Welch's fanfare to use against the University of Utah. In the meantime, one of my percussionists, Mills Crenshaw, come up with the idea of doing a mock circus show, complete with three rings, featuring various performers from the Program Bureau, along with Val and Grant. Among those featured from the Program Bureau was Hans Hubler, from Germany, who could balance virtually anything on his chin and would be balancing a large dinning room table. Then I got in touch with Bill Welch and not only did he say we could use the fanfare but he would write the arrangements for the show as well.

During those years, the BYU-University of Utah game was generally early in the season, two weeks after school began, and would be the first halftime show for the Cougar Band. When the arrangements for the show arrived, Bill Welch had written the opening theme, "Entry of the Gladiators," in the key of E major, which would put the trumpets in the key of F# (six sharps). We made a valiant effort to bring it off, but the fingerings were to difficult to play while marching, so in desperation we changed the key to Eb, but we had lost a week of rehearsal. Then one of my key trumpet players, Tom Moon, broke his leg. Rather than lose his playing ability we decided to put him in a clown costume and with his crutches hobble around the field while playing his instrument. Rehearsals went rather poorly even during the second week, with a rather mediocre dress rehearsal.

For a finale, we planned to have another clown run on the field with over a hundred helium-filled balloons and when he reached the 50-yard-line, accidentally trip, releasing the balloons, allowing the crowd to watch as they floated in the air. While the balloon incident worked to perfection, it did have a negative effect. As we were disembarking

from the train in Salt Lake City, a band member who carried one of the helium tanks accidentally struck my solo trumpet player, Larry Bastian, in the face as he swung the tank around. Thus virtually eliminating Larry from effectively playing in the show.

With losing Larry Bastian and to a certain extent Tom Moon, coupled with a somewhat poor dress rehearsal, I again had that sunken feeling of "wait till next year" that we had experienced for so long whenever the band or the football team came up against the University of Utah. I didn't realize that despite a poor dress rehearsal, the effectiveness of the show had reached the entire band, and the next time they would do it, it would be something just short of perfection. The opening fanfare went well, then as the band came on the field to the strains of "Entry of the Gladiators," I heard some trumpet playing I hadn't heard before. I can't remember the player's name, but I do remember he was a freshman from Price, Utah. From that point the circus show was executed to perfection and I was the most surprised and amazed person in the capacity-filled stadium. Both Grant and Val later commented that as they strutted towards me down the 50 yard line, I stood there conducting with my mouth opened, not realizing, nor believing what I was seeing and hearing. It was the show that established the Cougar Marching Band and never again did we have to fear the red and white University of Utah Marching Band.

During the 1950s, with the Cougar Marching Band, the Y's Men Band, teaching university classes, and occasional performances with the Utah Symphony I was kept quite busy—so busy that I often had little time for home life. Jane and I hadn't had any children of our own up to that time, but were able to adopt three children, Vicki, Jim and Lorri. In addition to these three children, Jane took upon herself the responsibility of having, over the years, ten foster children as part of our family. So successful was she in this work that on two different occasions she was honored by the Governor of the state.

For family activities we loved to go on picnics, particularly to Canyon Glen in Provo Canyon. I was beginning to develop a real interest in fly fishing and would take the family on at least one trip each summer to Yellowstone or Island Park, Idaho, staying at the historic Mack's Inn. We would take trips to Southern California, spending at least a week in a rented home in Newport or Balboa Beach.

The 1950s were exciting years for me directing the Y's Men Band and the Cougar Marching Band, and I was constantly looking for new show titles and marching formations. I visited record stores perusing new albums and single releases. When I had a Saturday off I would watch other bands, scratch pad in hand, as they would perform on national television. I attended as many workshops as possible. At Christmas time I would take the family to our parents' homes in Southern California, and while there I attended Big Ten and PAC Ten band rehearsals as they prepared for their New Year's Rose Bowl game. Here I had the opportunity of observing the fine bands from the University of Michigan, Michigan State University, Ohio State University, Purdue University, University of Wisconsin, UCLA, University of Southern California and University of Washington. Some of the show titles I came up with were a Minstrel

Show, Cougar Band Goes Country and Western, Magic Islands, Cougar Conquest, Civil War Centennial, Salute to the Big Bands, Circus Show, Spain, and I Love Rock and Roll.

Becoming an avid trout fisherman, I rented a cabin at Fish Lake for several years. There I would fish every morning and evening and during midday chart football halftime shows. Then during the remainder of the summer, I would go on the river in Provo Canyon where I would meditate about further show ideas while fly fishing.

I remember getting out of the car and roughing out a show idea based on the tune "Without a Song" while on a recruiting trip, driving between St. George and Las Vegas. Many times I would get up at night and chart down a new idea that came to me. Then there were times when our neighbor, Mary B. Jensen, of BYU International Folk Dancers fame, and I would be on our front lawns practicing new ideas for our respective groups. I'm certain the neighbors thought we were crazy.

During these years Jane and I were leading a very happy life living in a duplex on 9th North off University Avenue, but felt we should be thinking of renting or buying a home.

We found a small two-bedroom home to rent on 9th East and about 2nd North in the Fifteenth Ward, but were in it only two months before the owner sold it and we were forced to move. In order to stay in the same ward, we found another duplex one block south on 9th East. However, the duplex proved to be too small and not well built, and we seemed to have constant problems with the utilities. So we decided it was time to actually buy a home, which we found on 1248 North 380 West in Provo. It was a small two-bedroom home, with a full unfinished basement, a nice big back yard, and wonderful neighbors. To finance the home, I had to borrow \$1,000.00 for a down payment on a \$12,000.00 loan. Our basic payments were \$75.00 a month plus an additional \$50.00 for the down payment loan. This seemed like a lot of money, which it was for those days, and for two years I struggled to pay the \$50.00 per month down payment loan.

The Cougar Marching Band was making steady progress and one year, while still playing games on the field adjacent to the old Stadium House, just north of the George Albert Smith Fieldhouse, we again appeared on National Television via the ABC Network. This game was between BYU and the University of Wyoming. At that time the Cougar Band was permitted to practice on the actual football playing field, and for several days before the game, Tom Harmon, of University of Michigan All-American fame, and the crew for ABC were in the stadium setting camera and sound equipment. During that week, we got to know one another quite well, even to the point where the television crew asked if they could help by placing our formations in the best possible position for their camera shots. The result was that the University received a letter of commendation from the network, saying our show was the best they had televised for the year.

Another time while rehearsing music in the University of New Mexico stadium, the television crews were again setting up, and upon hearing the band with their many fine

special arrangements, asked if they could record us and use excerpts for selected spots during future televised games.

The Y's Men Band was also making steady progress and came to the attention of Jim Keysor of Century Records in Saugus, California, which was not far from Los Angeles and Hollywood. Jim suggested that we record for them a long-playing album that would be distributed and sold only at the bookstore on the BYU campus. The album recorded in the Joseph Smith Memorial Building auditorium turned out well, with majorette Val Crossley and Greg Farley, our baritone sax player, on the album cover. The LP sold well on campus, but things got out of hand and Century Records began distributing the album to record stores throughout the state until it became one of their top selling albums for that time. Another time, Jane and I were in Los Angeles, driving home to Riverside, when we heard our cut of "Crazy Rhythm" played by a disc jockey on one of the top late evening radio shows. All of this was exciting till it came to the attention of the national headquarters of the American Federation of Musicians in Chicago, and it was at this time that the Musicians Union investigated me, as I have mentioned before.

By 1959, I became eligible for a sabbatical leave, and since I had some remaining GI Bill plus an additional year of schooling via the California G.I Bill, Jane and I decided we would use it to our advantage and attend the University of California at Los Angeles. Here we could be close to our parents in the Riverside area. But even more importantly, Clarence Sawhill, Director of Bands at UCLA and former national president of the College National Band Director association, offered me a teaching assistantship where I could study with him and serve as an assistant director with the university bands.

Unknown to me, at the end of the 1959 football season Grant Elkington and members of the Cougar Band decided to honor me at a special pregame ceremony. The problem was they had to get me away from band rehearsals to work out whatever formations they had in mind. To do this they had Paul Felt, the student coordinator, call me into trumped-up meetings exactly while band rehearsals were taking place. Naturally I vigorously protested, stating that the band desperately needed me, only to be told by Paul that they were capable of taking care of themselves. My only retort was that I wouldn't be responsible if something happened and the show failed to be up to our normal expectations. On game day, I expected to conduct our normal pregame show when again Paul Felt said he needed me at the top of the stadium and the band would have to go on without me. The result was that Grant and the band had some original music created and presented a show in my honor. Naturally I was taken by surprise but deeply honored. At the conclusion I was called down to the field and presented with a wrist watch and a state-of-the-art Argus camera.

Our plan was to move to the Los Angeles area during the Christmas break of 1959. We managed to find an apartment complex on Cloverfield Boulevard in Santa Monica about three miles from the UCLA campus. By New Year's I had the family settled, but had to be back in Provo to finish the fall semester.

During those few weeks in Provo, Bill Harris, owner of Heindselmans Music Store on Center Street, allowed to me stay in the back of the store where they had a pull-down couch. Being without a car, I had to walk to and from the campus where I taught my concluding classes and conducted the Cougar Band at several home basketball games.

As soon as the semester ended and I had turned in final grades, I was on a Greyhound bus ready to begin an exciting two-year adventure.

MY HEART IS TRUE

Chapter 9

The UCLA Adventure

9-1

This was to be an exciting adventure for us. Jane and I sold our home on 12th North, rented a trailer for our furniture and other belongings, and were on our way in time to spend the Christmas holidays with both our parents. Being home proved to be a great blessing because the following August Jane's father passed away, and being only sixty miles from Jane's home in Mira Loma, we could assist Jane's mother during this trying time. Then weeks after our return to Provo, my father passed away. Both of us have always been grateful that we had this time in southern California, being near to our folks.

I was in California to spend two years at UCLA. We managed to find an apartment in Santa Monica, on Cloverfield Blvd, just a few miles from the UCLA campus. I purchased a small Triumph motorcycle to travel to and from school. I always felt that I was one of the few riders in the Los Angeles area who rode dressed in a suit and tie. I thoroughly enjoyed the bike, riding all over Los Angeles and as far east as Hemet. Many times I rode to the Los Angeles Colosseum, arriving back in Westwood after midnight. Not once did I have any mishaps, and while I enjoyed the experience, when it came time to sell the bike I was relieved, saying to myself, "Now that I have had that adventure, it will be the last time I ever own or ride a motorcycle."

While we enjoyed living on Cloverfield Blvd, I found I was spending too much time on the road traveling between Santa Monica and Westwood, where the UCLA campus was located. We had put in an application for a small apartment in the married student housing right on campus, and one became available in time for fall semester. These apartments were converted World War II barracks, located within easy walking distance of the Joe E. Brown Field, where the football team and the marching band occasionally practiced. Across the street were several fraternity houses and on weekends we enjoyed sitting in our back yard, watching the frat students having water fights and enjoying other crazy antics. Our son Jim was beginning to enjoy football and every afternoon following the UCLA team practice he would be out in front with his football, as several of the players would walk by on their way home, and it wasn't uncommon for such future NFL players as quarterback Billy Kilmer or Rafer Johnson to send him out for a pass.

I studied hard and managed to maintain a 3.75 grade point average during the entire time I was enrolled. Being a teaching assistant provided the opportunity to work with Clarence Sawhill, one of the most respected university band directors in the nation. Along with him, I worked with Kelly James, Sawhill's associate in charge of the marching and pep bands. Kelly was a real innovator in marching band technique and was instrumental in developing a marching style titled "Patterns in Motion." Upon returning to BYU two years later, I used many of Kelly's methods in developing a new set of standard procedures for the Cougar Marching Band, thus eliminating the outdated scatter system, replacing it with a system based on precision marching, using four-man squads.

UCLA was becoming a national power in basketball under the legendary John Wooden. I had the opportunity to play in and travel with Kelly's pep band, which was truly excellent and very colorful. I also had the opportunity to study French horn with Sinclair Lott, principal horn with the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Sinclair and I became good friends and he visited me shortly following my return to BYU, the night I was to perform the difficult Brahms *Horn Trio* with pianist Robert Cundick and violinist Lawrence Sardoni. Being somewhat nervous regarding the assignment, I became even more nervous when I received a call from Sinclair asking what I was doing that evening. I told him I was playing the Brahms *Trio* he said, "I'll be there." Fortunately the performance was a success and the three of us had several opportunities to play this great work again and again.

UCLA had an outstanding opera workshop program that was recognized throughout the nation. Within weeks after I arrived on campus, Sinclair Lott invited me to play principal horn in their production of Samuel Barber's *Vanessa*. I was one of his new students, so he attended every performance, sitting next to me in the orchestra pit. Then following each performance, he would give a critical evaluation of my playing. On another occasion the opera workshop presented Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloe*. In the orchestra for these performances we had a French horn section featuring David Duke, who went on to play with the Los Angeles Philharmonic; Barney Gilmore, who later became the French horn instructor at Yale University; and myself. As the opera was presented four times, Sinclair had us play a different part each night, thus giving each the opportunity to play principal horn.

David Duke was an entrepreneur with lots of contacts, always finding ways to earn money. Being teaching assistants, we would receive at least five tickets for each football game in the Los Angeles Colosseum. For the really big games, such as USC, Dave would offer to purchase the tickets from each teaching assistant, then sell them at a substantial profit to himself. I know I welcomed these opportunities inasmuch as extra money was often a premium and what was earned would go a long way to support the budget of a struggling grad student.

Another time, Dave came asking if I would like to play in the orchestra for the recording sound track of a low-budget movie titled *The Road Runner*, which was to be entered in one of the European film festivals. For our services we would be paid less than the Musician Union scale. When we arrived at the recording studio, which was incidentally on the UCLA campus, I found that all the musicians were excellent, experienced players. During the breaks they kept to themselves, not introducing themselves, contrary to the usual custom. On the last break Dave put his hand in my jacket pocket, which was hanging on the back of my chair, and I asked, "Dave, what are you doing?" He said, "I'm just looking to see if you have a cigarette." Being somewhat perturbed I came back saying, "Dave, you know I don't smoke." Then he whispered, "I know that, I was just putting your pay, secretly, in your pocket!"

Speaking of surviving grad students, Clarence Sawhill always carried a pocket full of meal tickets and many were the times he would come and hand me several that I could use at the UCLA cafeteria. That's the kind of person Sawhill was, constantly looking out for the welfare of his many band students, for which I was always grateful.

At that time most universities didn't have the jazz ensemble programs that are common and very excellent today. Word quickly got around the UCLA music department that I had the successful Y's Men Band program at BYU, which I'm certain was a pioneer big band for programs that exist in today's universities and high schools. The result was that on several occasions students would come asking if I would organize a jazz ensemble similar to what I had at BYU. Naturally I was flattered and somewhat tempted, but realizing, as I had experienced at BYU, that a big band jazz ensemble program wasn't exactly, at that time, an acceptable endeavor at most traditional college and universities. Not wanting to ruffle any feathers, I went to Dr. Sawhill asking what he thought of the idea. He emphatically requested that I abandon any such idea. Later Clarence Sawhill told me he would like me to stay at UCLA, because he appreciated how I supported his program, even going on to say that I "fit like a glove into the overall philosophy of his plans for a university band program."

One of the choice experiences I had was at the 1961 Rose Bowl game when the University of Washington played the University of Wisconsin. As is still the custom, both bands were invited to present a marching band spectacle, and it so happened that the University of Washington band rehearsed on the Joe E. Brown practice field, close to our on-campus housing. At their first rehearsal, I went to Bill Cole, the director, introduced myself as the UCLA band assistant, and offered my services in any way possible. Bill was elated and I became sort of his errand boy, supplying such items as extra drumsticks and any equipment we had that might help. I attended every rehearsal, learned some new techniques such as a backup step and a crossover step, which I later used for years with the Cougar Marching Band. Following their final rehearsal, I asked Bill if he would like my assistance at the game. Again he was most appreciative that I would be willing to give of my time, on New Year's Day, to help him. Personally, I was more than thrilled because I had never attended a Rose Bowl game, and all I had to do was help carry some of Bill's percussion equipment into the stadium. The game itself was most exciting and won by the University of Washington, which was incidentally the first game won by the PAC Ten in their extended series of Rose Bowl games with teams from Big 10.

During the game the University of Washington band sat on the track a short distance from their team's bench, and during the halftime shows I went to the bench and sat by myself in the center section, pad in hand, taking notes on the music, maneuvers, and formations of both bands. While I was there, a policeman came to me asking if I was supposed to be there, and I said, "Of course." I must have looked official because he simply said, "OK," and left.

While on leave I received half pay from BYU as well as a small stipend as a teaching assistant, but it soon became apparent that I needed to earn extra money to support my family and pay certain student fees. It was also necessary to find a job that wouldn't interfere with my class schedule. During the summer months I accepted a job at the Jonathan Club, at the end of Santa Monica Blvd, right on the beach. The Jonathan Club was an exclusive private club frequented by wealthy businessmen and members of the Hollywood movie industry. The job was the somewhat demeaning position as a bus boy, but the hours were perfect. Interestingly, all the bus boys were UCLA students; one was even a lawyer from Japan doing advanced graduate studies. It was perhaps the most intelligent group of bus boys to be found anywhere, yet we had to take orders from a headwaiter that could barely read. As a result, it wasn't uncommon for the manager to call on one of us when he encountered a problem that he needed help in solving. The secretary to the manager was a girl named Anne Grofe, the daughter of composer Ferde Grofe who wrote the *Grand Canyon Suite*. Often I would sit with her as she enjoyed her dinner, and she would tell me personal stories about her father and how he came to compose some of his music.

After being in Westwood for a while, I became known around town and was soon invited to give private lessons to children of some affluent parents. This way I could make money easier and faster than at the Jonathan Club. Then Jane got a job teaching at The Sunset Beach Nursery School and had, as students, children of such movie stars as Robert Taylor, June Lockhart, and director/producer Howard Hawkes. Speaking of movie stars, our eldest daughter, Vicki, attended the Belagio Road School in Bel-Aire. While there she became personal friends with the daughter of movie star James Garner. On several occasions he was seen dropping Vicki off in his Rolls Royce at our humble converted army barracks married student complex.

I thoroughly enjoyed working with Kelly James and the UCLA Bruin Band. During the year we played and were defeated by the number one University of Syracuse football team, but the annual game with the University of Southern California was a classic—one of the most exciting games I ever attended. USC was ranked number two in the nation and UCLA a vast underdog, but fate was with them that Saturday and they won. When the University of California, Berkeley, came to town, we had what was called "The All Cal Weekend," and I was invited to chart the show for both bands, choosing a theme titled "Magic Islands," performing such Polynesian tunes as "Hawaiian War Chant." Perhaps the biggest rival during that time was the Stanford University Cardinal. So serious was this rivalry that any person entering the UCLA cheering section wearing red was immediately challenged by a thousand finger-pointing students shouting, "Take off that red shirt," or whatever red colored clothing item they had on. More than one coed was forced to leave the Los Angeles Colosseum to avoid further embarrassment.

The first game I participated in as assistant director, I arrived at the Colosseum, along with my family, at least an hour early. I hadn't been given anything identifying me as the new assistant director, even though I was wearing a white suit and cap. I just knew that

the gatekeeper of a hundred thousand-seat stadium wouldn't let me and my family enter without some proper I.D. So I decided to wait until the rest of the band arrived. It was a hot afternoon and Jane and the children were getting restless, so I finally took a chance and went to the gatekeeper, identified myself as the assistant director, and asked if we could possibly get in. To my amazement he said, "I've been watching you, wondering why you were standing outside in the hot sun. Come on in!" I knew something like this wouldn't have happened at the old BYU stadium, where once immediately prior to a nationally televised pregame show a gatekeeper wouldn't let us enter because we didn't have individual tickets for each band member, even though we were in uniform. Fortunately, the athletic director, Eddie Kimball, saved us.

As part of my teaching assistant responsibilities I had the fortunate opportunity of co-teaching an Instrumental Methods class with Paul Tanner. Paul was an original member of the Glenn Miller Band, even being on the memorable recording of the legendary "In the Mood." A superb trombonist, he, in addition to his being a member of the music faculty, was in demand as a studio recording musician. At the then-famous Earl Carroll's night club on Sunset and Vine in Hollywood, Paul was a member of the house band and had the distinct privilege of not having to attend rehearsals whenever a new performer or act was preparing to appear. He was also becoming nationally known for what he referred to as "the real history of jazz." While working with him I tried, on several occasions, to have him tell of personal experiences with the Glenn Miller Band. He would always decline, saying he had no use for personal remembrances or nostalgia. However, I noted that years later, when performance tributes to the Glenn Miller Band were being presented on the Public Broadcasting System, Paul was often seen giving some of these memorable experiences. I do know that I learned much from him that I later used, and will always consider him an honored friend.

Another faculty member who impressed me, even though I never really got to know him, was Lucas Fosse, who went on to become the conductor of the Buffalo Philharmonic. Fosse was a gifted and well-known composer of the Tanglewood tradition, which included Leonard Bernstein. At that time Lucas was directing the UCLA orchestra. The night before leaving for UCLA, I had received instruction from Maurice Abravanel to give his regards to Lucas Fosse and tell him I was one of Abravanel's boys," which I did. Lucas, without looking up or showing any interest, merely said, "Oh!" Later when I told this story to Paul Tanner he said that on one occasion when playing trombone in the orchestra, Lucas referred to him simply as "trombone player." Despite this rather cold introduction I was permitted to play in the orchestra and learned much from Lucas Fosse.

At that time, Lucas Fosse and at least two others were experimenting with a performance group they called Improvisational Chamber Ensemble, with recognizable success. They presented original works borrowing from the jazz concept, but performing in a more classical tradition. At one time during my UCLA adventure, each member of the group composed a movement for a work titled, "Concerto for Orchestra and Improvisational Chamber Ensemble." The premiere of this work was widely publicized among California

music circles. Following the premiere, the widely acclaimed music critic Frankenstein, from San Francisco, claimed that the work was rigged and would be played the same each time. In answer, Lucas Fosse called for a special recording session where he assembled a totally different chamber ensemble, excluding even himself, and later presented it to Frankenstein. While I never heard the final story, it was truly an amusing incident, in which all of us took great delight.

While I certainly didn't realize it at the time, I had two experiences during my UCLA adventure that had a terrific effect on my future activities at BYU and elsewhere. Roger Wagner, director of the then-famous Roger Wagner Chorale, and a member of the UCLA music faculty, was directing an orchestra for a series of performances of Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical *Carousel*, to be presented at the exclusive Merry-Mount school adjacent to the UCLA campus. Both David Duke and I were hired to play in the horn section. It was the first time I had any association with a Broadway musical, and working with a conductor of Roger Wagner's stature was an exciting, unforgettable experience. One of the leads was Julie Harmon, the daughter of former All American quarterback Tommy Harmon from the University of Michigan and ABC's Game of the Week. For me, the star of the show was Roger Wagner. I took careful note of his conducting style and how he rehearsed the show and prepared the orchestra. Then I noted his expertise in performance and how he handled emergencies between cast and orchestra. It was an exciting learning experience from which I benefited in many future performances.

The other was the result of a phone call I received one evening from Crawford Gates, the recognized LDS composer of music for the Hill Cumorah Pageant, *Promise Valley*, and several compositions performed and premiered by the Utah Symphony that included the Symphony's theme, "The Wind is a Lion." Crawford, the year before, had completed the music for a new, bigger-than-life musical titled *Sand in Their Shoes*, that told the epic story of the Mormon Battalion and its historic trek. I was still a student at UCLA, but Crawford needed a principal horn player and when he offered a financial stipend that included travel money and housing, I jumped at the chance.

Working with Crawford Gates was truly an educational experience. As with Roger Wagner, I carefully noted his conducting style, the manner in which he treated orchestra members, rehearsal procedures and his performance style, all of which became a great aid as I continued further activities at not only BYU, but BYU-Hawaii, the Utah Valley Opera Association, musicals in Port Townsend, Washington, and the eventual Tuacahn Center for the Arts in St. George, Utah.

It was then time for us to return to Provo and resume our activities at BYU. While in Provo for the *Sand in Their Shoes* performances, I began looking for a home that we could possibly buy upon our return, and was fortunate to find one at 3011 North 250 East, in the Edgemont Ward in the canyon view area of Provo. It was in a subdivision called the Community of Tomorrow, and had two recreational sites with a tennis court, swings,

and basketball standards. It was a home that appealed to both Jane and me, and we eventually purchased it.

At the time, sports cars were the rage among car aficionados, and I was no exception. I had been noticing a classy red 1957 TR-3 coupe with a removable top, being prominently displayed on a revolving turnstile at a dealership on Santa Monica Boulevard.

A couple of months before we returned to Provo, Jane came to me saying I had been working and studying so hard that I deserved a reward and should buy a sports car. Did I have an answer to her inquiry? That very day we purchased that bright red and beautiful TR-3, a car I drove with absolute joy for the next eight years before I reluctantly sold it to K. Newell Dayley prior to our moving to Hawaii. Newell, who went on to become the chair of the BYU Music Department and later dean of the College of Fine Arts, drove the car for several years, selling it to a person who completely restored the TR-3 to its original beauty.

We thoroughly loved our stay at UCLA, had made many friends, and even though we were making enough money to exist in our humble converted barracks apartment, we felt our children needed a real home as well as the opportunity to wear nicer clothing and grow up in the comfortable environment of Utah Valley. Reluctantly, we cut our stay short in Westwood, rented a U-Haul trailer and returned to Provo with new ideas and little money, but at the same time anxious to resume a career at Brigham Young University.

MY HEART IS TRUE

Chapter X

A New Era

10-1

We were back in Provo with a new home, a promotion to assistant professor and some new ideas for restructuring the Cougar Marching Band. Among those new ideas was a recommendation for new uniforms for the band. They would be of BYU blue with a white shield and block Y, white shoulder cords, and a shoulder patch that included an embroidered cougar head, taken from a model shown on BYU Food Services lunch sacks. The crowning point of each uniform would be a bearskin shako, similar to that worn by British Grenadiers, thus giving the band an appearance of more than one hundred and twenty drum majors. Our old Big Ten style uniform with all its miscellaneous accessories was now outdated, showing wear from several years of excellent service, and now ready for a change.

My good friend Kenner Kartchner introduced me to a small but excellent uniform company in Greenville, Illinois, located across the Mississippi River from St. Louis. To secure the purchase, Kenner had his company fly me to their headquarters. It became my first of many flights on a jet, and I was excited but nervous. At the uniform company I was treated royally and personally selected exactly the right items that would give the Cougar Band a classy and unique appearance.

In addition to these new uniforms, I made several changes in the band based on a more exacting marching style that used four-man squads, with precision maneuvers as a primary basis. I completely did away with the old scatter system and replaced it with a set of marching procedures that included, among other things, a standard for coming to attention, a new step-off procedure, length of marching step (eight steps to five yards), a backup step, column and flank movements, and drum major signals.

Charting the shows was a much more difficult and complex process, since I charted every eight steps for each four-man squad. Then I provided a booklet for every squad leader showing his squad's procedures for the entire show, and had these leaders teach their portions of the show to their squads before bringing the entire band together.

While it took considerable time writing and charting each show, it took considerably less time putting the show together. It eliminated the standing around while individual members were placed in formation, which occurred with the former "scatter system."

As director, I would stand on a tower observing the squad units at work, covering the entire one hundred yard practice area. Whenever I noticed a squad having difficulty or encountering a problem I would climb down and direct my complete attention to them without interfering with the work of other units. When it appeared that all squads had nearly mastered the drills, I would bring the entire band together and slowly walk through the drills until we could execute them at full speed.

It seemed that the individual band members preferred and even enjoyed this method of preparing a show. Most squads took individual pride in their work and, following each performance of a particular half-time show, I would select the honor squad of the week and treat them to a pizza party at the nearby Heaps of Pizza restaurant.

Some long-lasting friendships were formed. Years later, Harold Shirley, the mayor of Cedar City, Utah, and a former trombone player with the Cougar Band, told me that he and his trombone squad have remained continuous friends for more than thirty-five years by exchanging cards and letters, and occasionally getting together on a reunion basis.

The use of four-man squads also aided in learning and memorizing the music. We would begin rehearsals on a new show by having a music rehearsal in the Harris Fine Arts Center. Then we began each session on the field with squads individually rehearsing their music. Because we memorized the music for every show, occasionally we called for a memorization check by the individual squad leaders.

Upon my return from UCLA, I found that the some members of the Cougar Band, while on a trip to Arizona State University, in Phoenix, had fallen into a few difficult problems, which I determined were due to a lack of leadership and proper discipline. President Wilkinson was disturbed by what happened; even though I wasn't involved, it was amazing how one problem could live with an organization for years after it had taken place. For the next nine years I was continually reminded and cautioned not to let it happen again, and, to my knowledge, it never did. In fact, the Cougar Band went on to have many wonderful trips and reach new heights of excellence.

Another innovation I made upon my return was the organization of the Utah County Band Day. Here I invited between twenty and thirty high school bands to assist the Cougar Band in a gala halftime presentation. BYU football games were still being played in the stadium by the Smith Fieldhouse. For the premiere band day, I elected to use Meredith Willson's "Seventy-Six Trombones" as our entry piece. The plan was to have all the bands play as they made a grand entry, only to find at our Saturday morning rehearsal that the idea was absolutely chaotic. Out of desperation I announced that the Cougar Band would play the first chorus of "Seventy-Six Trombones" as all the bands entered the field, then when everyone was in place and facing the press box, the high school bands would join in for a second chorus.

When I made the announcement, I had no idea the effect this would have on the audience when performed in the stadium. It was absolutely electrifying! I was overwhelmed, along with the audience, by the majesty of sound when all the bands joined in. The sound was acoustically magnified by the walls of the Stadium House and the size of the crowd. It became a talk of the town for the entire year. Needless to say, this became our pattern of operation from then on, and while it always had a dramatic effect, it never again had the personal impact of that first time.

The Y's Men Band continued while I was on leave, but under the name "Y Knights," directed by Tom Moon. When I returned, the band regained its original title, but changes were taking place. With the influx of rock and roll music, the demand for a swing big band had decreased and we were hired to play fewer dance jobs. When we did play, students would ask for a "fast tune," which I interpreted as a fast, up-beat swing chart, only to have these same students come back and ask, "When are you going to play a fast tune?" Finally, I found that they were referring to a standard, eight beats to a measure, rock and roll piece.

While I knew the administration preferred the type of music we played, it was evident that the students preferred and wanted current rock and roll hits, which we were unable to provide. Then we found that many students were boycotting student-body dances and attending rock and roll dances sponsored by the steel workers union, at a dance hall where BYU standards were not necessarily adhered to. As a form of compromise, the administration tried student-body dances where one dancehall would feature rock music and another featured the standard swing music I was accustomed to. I remember it became extremely frustrating, even to a point where I no longer looked forward to playing, having a sixteen-piece band seriously outdrawn by a five or six-piece rock and roll band.

There was, however, a good change that was gradually becoming a vital part of music education offerings in high schools, colleges, and universities. It was partially begun by an arranger named Art Dedrick, who published relatively easy-to-play band arrangements, mainly written for high school students, under the title "Stage Band." These arrangements featured a standard instrumentation of five saxes, four trumpets, three or four trombones, piano, bass, guitar, and drums. All were eagerly accepted by directors and students alike, to the extent that Stage Bands became part of the curriculum, and contests and festivals soon began to take place.

One of the most notable of these contests was at the University of Nevada in Reno. Here high school, college, and university Stage Bands appeared, and the music became more challenging and concert-like, based on jazz. A new name appeared, the "Jazz Ensemble."

I had brought with me, from UCLA, Preston Kies, an extremely talented jazz pianist. Pres was in our ward in Santa Monica and had won the Best Pianist award at a recent Lighthouse Jazz Festival in Hermosa Beach. I obtained a graduate assistantship for Pres to help with the Y's Men Band, and while he understood the change that was taking place, I remained steeped in my big band swing tradition. When we entered the 1962 jazz contest at the University of Utah, I insisted that the bulk of our offering be tunes I understood and preferred from the big band era. I did allow Pres to do a more jazz-oriented piece of his own choosing. While the Y's Men Band had an instrumentation that performed as proficiently as any of the other participants, we were soundly defeated by a style of music literature I was unacquainted with. Preston won the Best Pianist award

and I learned a great lesson. It was in reality the beginning of the end of my effectiveness as an instructor in big band jazz.

The Y's Men Band did have some great moments. We continued to perform and tour with the Program Bureau, even to make a week's tour of our own to Southern California, playing for combined stake dances. The most notable thing we did was for the 1965 Regional NCAA Basketball Tournament, held in the George Albert Smith Fieldhouse.

Crawford Gates was chairman of the Music Department and the person most instrumental in getting a jazz program started at BYU. It was at a time when the music of Leonard Bernstein's *Westside Story* was the talk of the musical world. Crawford was an enthusiast of Bernstein's music and wanted to do an arrangement of *Westside Story* tunes for some performing group.

When the Music Department was asked to participate in the NCAA tournament and present a halftime show at the final game, Crawford knew exactly what we should do and whom he would write it for. The result was his magnificent and challenging arrangement of music from *Westside Story*, written specifically for the Y's Men Band, along with accompanying dancers.

The arrangement was indeed challenging and included a french horn solo for me, written in the upper register. Years later, when we performed the piece at a Y's Men reunion during a BYU Education Week, Doc Mansell, a gifted trombonist with name band credentials, said it was one of the most difficult pieces he had ever been asked to perform.

The game, in the new George Albert Smith Fieldhouse, had a capacity audience of over 11,000 that included Kelly James and the UCLA band. When we finished Crawford's arrangement, the UCLA Band stood with a glorious shout followed immediately by 11,000 appreciative fans. We were the talk around campus, not as much for the dancers, but for Crawford's arrangement and the way the Y's Men Band performed it. Later that year, the Program Bureau awarded the band its coveted "Sammy Award," the BYU equivalent to the movies' Academy Award. I often wondered what might have happened if we could have played the *Westside Story* arrangement at that 1962 jazz festival.

In 1962, the Cougar Marching Band took a well-remembered trip to Oregon for a game against Oregon State University. Their team was coached by Tony Prothro, who eventually coached for UCLA. That year Oregon State had a powerful team that featured eventual Heisman Trophy winner Terry Baker. Terry was an all-around athlete, and it's questionable that he really understood the significance of the Heisman Trophy. He later said he didn't even know he was in the running for such an award and was surprised when coach Prothro called him out of class one day, thinking that coach wanted to review plans with him for an upcoming game, only to find he had won the coveted Heisman.